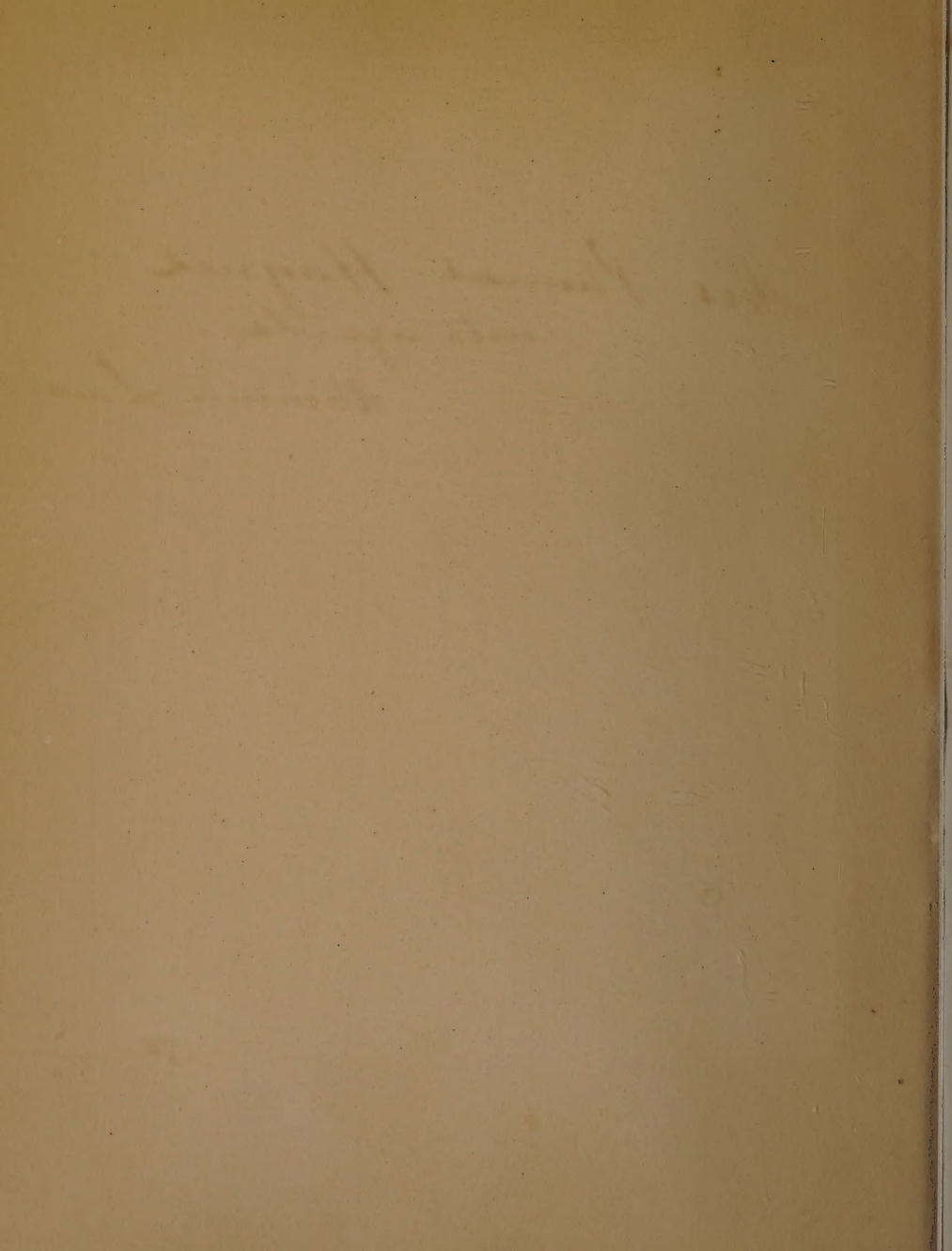


15
Mrs. Phineas Hagner
with regards

Warren Lincoln





CARBON PHOTO. ALLEN & ROWELL.

Charles T. Lincoln.

CHARLES THAYER LINCOLN

A MEMORIAL



CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Riverside Press

1879

Printed for Private Distribution.

To
HIS MANY FRIENDS

This Volume

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Charles Chayer Lincoln.

BORN OCTOBER 24, 1849.

DIED JUNE 14, 1879.

MEMORIAL SKETCH.

THIS little volume does not claim to be a biography. It is simply a tribute of love and esteem to the memory of a pure and noble young man, — the gathering into a more compact cluster some of the many flowers that have been strewn upon his grave, under a sense of inexpressible sorrow and great personal loss. They tell their own sad story. And through them we catch some few glimpses of the life of their endeared and lamented subject. But it is thought that these testimonials would be better understood by the general reader, whose eye might fall upon these pages, and perhaps be more highly prized by the intimate friends of the vanished one, if seen in the light of some few of the leading facts in the career of him to whose sweetness of spirit and beauty of character they bear such cordial and touching witness. For these reasons, a brief memorial sketch is prefixed, more as a setting for these pictures that kind and loving hearts

have drawn than as a complete history of a grand life suddenly quenched in the brightness of its promise.

Charles Thayer Lincoln was born October 24, 1849, in the pleasant village of West Townsend, Mass. He was the second son of Varnum and Emeline Sprague Lincoln. His father being a clergyman, his early home life was subject to those changes of locality incident to such a profession. Removing from West Townsend when quite young, he spent portions of his boyhood days in Andover, Abington, and Yarmouth, in the State of his birth. In all these places he is still remembered as the amiable, blue-eyed boy whose kind spirit and animated features gave promise of a useful future. His sunny disposition and love of fair play made him a general favorite with the boys and girls of his age, while his good behavior and gentle ways won the notice and love of older people.

His attendance at school began at the early age of four years. The best schools in the different towns where his parents lived furnished all the educational advantages of a public nature which it was his privilege to enjoy. Of these he made the most diligent use. With his natural love of books, persistence of purpose, and aptness to learn, he had mastered in a few years all the branches of a sound English education, and laid the foundation of

an honorable business life. Many were the prizes and rewards of merit which he received from his teachers for exemplary conduct and mental victories, achieved, oftentimes, over members of his class much older than himself. These he sacredly kept as choice mementos of his school-boy days. His means for the acquisition of knowledge were not, however, wholly confined to the school-room. From his parents at home he always found encouragement and aid. Around the evening lamp useful books were read, and puzzling questions in mathematics and other studies solved. Nor did his love and pursuit of knowledge cease with the close of his school privileges. One of the peculiar qualities of his mind was the disposition to acquaint himself thoroughly with a subject which had once enlisted his attention. And in subsequent life, absorbed by the cares of business, forgetting no moral or social duty, there were few questions of public interest with which he was not familiar, or which he could not intelligently discuss. His mind, clear and comprehensive, seemed to grasp a subject without especial effort, and every year revealed more of its native power in this direction.

In the fourteenth year of his age he entered the employ of Hon. James B. Crocker, a trader, in the immediate vicinity of his home. Here he remained three years,

giving the best satisfaction to his employer, gaining a knowledge of and showing an evident taste and capacity for mercantile pursuits. Leaving the store, he again entered the High School in Yarmouth. But his mind was turned in the direction of a practical business life. The three years' service with Captain Crocker had moulded his inclinations and determined his course for the future. In the spring of 1866, when in the seventeenth year of his age, gaining the consent of his parents, he decided to seek a position in some store in Boston. Opportunities of this kind were rare, especially for young men who were almost entire strangers in a large city. But trusting to his own hopeful spirit and personal energy, he felt confident of success. So one bright morning, with a cheerful good-by, he left for the first time his old home, to seek his fortune in a city where he was almost wholly unknown. His parents had seen him go with feelings of sadness, and awaited the result with no small anxiety. In a few days their anxiety was dispelled by a letter from Charles, written in his happiest mood, announcing success. He had answered an advertisement from the firm of Glazier, Marean & Co., merchants on Summer Street, wanting an entry clerk. He remained with this firm about eleven years; serving chiefly in the capacity of a traveling salesman, and growing constantly in their

confidence and esteem. The most wide-awake and energetic young men are selected for this work. It is a position of no small responsibility, and often attended with discouragements. It has, also, its peculiar temptations. The charms of the familiar circle and the comforts of the old fireside are exchanged for the uncertain society and rough usages of car and hotel life. Such experience had Charles, during ten years, which he spent in the employ of this firm. And he put into his work all the enthusiasm of his young and ambitious spirit. A desire to prove worthy of his trust and to build up a reputation for himself stimulated him to toil early and late, and sometimes beyond his health and strength. Wherever he went, his genial manners and upright dealing won for him many new and always lasting friends. It was during these years that he indulged more than usual in letter-writing. Away from home and intimate friends, he sought to relieve the lonesomeness of his situation by communicating his thoughts to spirits like his own, and by describing the scenes and experiences through which he had passed. His moral convictions were so firmly based on the rock of principle that it came easy for him to resist the evil enticements often incident to the life of a salesman. Once, when referring to this subject, he said "he had no difficulty in resisting any temptation to

depart from the right which professed friends, in their mistaken kindness, might place before him. All he had to do was to say '*No*,' in a mild but decided tone, and there the matter ended."

About two years after he had taken up his residence in Boston, he joined the Young Men's Christian Union. From this institution he derived, in various ways, great practical benefit. It brought him in contact with young men of his own age, tastes, and pursuits. And the friendships which he here formed with the officers and members were among the most pleasant and valuable of his life, and which the lapse of time never diminished. He often acknowledged his indebtedness to this noble enterprise for the many blessings and salutary influences derived from it, and expressed his gratitude and strongest desire for its prosperity by becoming one of its life members.

On October 18, 1876, he was happily united in marriage with Miss Lena Simmons Church, the only daughter of Francis T. and Helena A. Church, of Boston. After this event their home became his. All shared together the gladness of the union, and dreamed of many coming years of happiness and peace. Two promising boys—Francis Church and Charles Thayer—were the fruit of this marriage.

In the beginning of the year 1877, Mr. Lincoln assisted in the organization and became a member of a firm under the title of "Saranac Buck Glove Company of Littleton, N. H." He was also employed as agent for selling the goods. He entered upon his work with all his natural hopefulness and energy, visiting the principal cities of the East and of the distant West, meeting with remarkable success and encouragement, forming many new and pleasant acquaintances with merchants and gentlemen in different parts of the country. He had introduced the goods of the company into many new and important localities, which gave impetus to a large and prosperous trade. At the end of two years, the business had increased to such an extent that larger facilities were needed for manufacturing purposes. Fortunately there stood in the neighborhood, on the banks of the Ammonoosuc, a large woolen factory, with abundant water-power, together with saw-mill, shops, dwelling-houses, etc. This valuable property was purchased by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Ira Parker, senior member of the firm. After extensive improvements, the business was transferred to these more spacious quarters, with the most flattering prospects of unlimited growth and success. A writer in one of the local papers, who had personally looked over the ground, says: "Taken alto-

gether, the Saranac Glove and Mitten Company has succeeded in establishing itself as one of the leading industries of the country, and deservedly holds the foremost position, amongst glove manufacturers, for the specialty to which it is devoted."

The spring of 1879 was, with Mr. Lincoln, a season of peculiar joy and pride. He was in his thirtieth year ; in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits ; beloved by a host of friends ; having a home where clustered his warmest affections, made now doubly precious by the presence of a beautiful boy ; occupying a position in business of the most hopeful character ; and, to all human view, there were reaching out before him long years of usefulness and prosperity. But, alas, how often is human wisdom baffled and the most glowing visions darkened by the fated uncertainty which clings to all earthly things ! Suddenly, and long before this worthy and promising life had attained the noonday of its brightness, it was strangely eclipsed by the passing shadow of death.

We care not to dwell upon the melancholy details of the accident that terminated the earthly career of this true and sterling young man. A few words in regard to it will answer the requirements of this sketch. Mr. Lincoln, in company with his wife and boy, was making

a brief visit to her relatives and friends, who reside in Little Compton, R. I., in the near vicinity of the ocean. On the morning of June 14th, with a companion about seventeen years of age, he started off, with fishing dress and gear, to fish from a point of rocks at not a great distance from the house where they were stopping. After reaching the rocks they unfortunately separated, out of sight and hearing of each other. Some time expired, when the boy, weary of fishing alone, went in search of Mr. Lincoln. To his amazement, he at last found him struggling in the water, and almost exhausted. The boy, approaching and speaking, seemed to impart to him some hope, and he told the youth to throw him his fish-line, which he did. Mr. Lincoln, winding it about his arm, requested him to pull upon it carefully. But the waves of the sea, proving too strong for the line, snapped it asunder, leaving the poor man again to their un pitying force. The boy then urged him to try and keep up a little longer, and he would run for help. The sad reply was, "I cannot hold out so long; I have been in here already half an hour." The boy, however, started for help, as the best thing he could do. As he turned to go, the last words he heard Mr. Lincoln say were, "*It is all done — all done!*" Neighbors and friends soon rallied, but, alas, too late. The body was recovered in

about three hours, but all efforts to restore life were fruitless. This distressing termination of a life so young and noble will always remain, to some extent, shrouded in mystery. Mr. Lincoln was an excellent swimmer, and the wonder is that he did not swim to the shore in another direction, and thus escape a watery grave. The most rational conclusion, however, which all the circumstances seem to corroborate, is that he received some bodily injury in slipping from the rocks, which disabled him beyond the power to recover himself.

The funeral services were held on June 17th, at his home in Boston, conducted by his warm friend and pastor, Rev. Minot J. Savage. It was truly a house of mourning, — an occasion of the most profound grief. Among the large assembly gathered there were his beloved family, kindred, partners in business, officers and members of the Christian Union, old friends, customers, and others. Many brought rich and beautiful floral gifts, tokens of their love and esteem. All were expressive, but the most touching were from his Sunday-school class, and from the male and female help of the glove factory in Littleton. One sentiment filled the hearts of all present, — a sense of unspeakable grief; the solemn and painful conviction that a tenderly endeared one had gone, but yet with the sweet comfort that heaven had

only received its own, and that, bearing in their hearts the image of his radiant character, they would themselves be all the more prepared for the heavenly life. His manly and mortal form was borne in sadness to the beautiful cemetery of Forest Hills. And there, in a spot such as he himself would have chosen, it rests. Over it bend gently the branches of a maple, where the summer birds will come and sing, and where the autumn leaves will fall to shield it from the winter's storm. Near by glimmer the waters of the lakelet Hibiscus. In the distance stand the Blue Hills, like mighty sentinels, to guard and keep it forever. Long will it be sacred to those who knew and loved him. Often will they go there to scatter over it sweet flowers, and to revive hallowed memories of what he was to them, in all the sweet bonds of friendship and the tender relations of life.

There is danger, perhaps, that parental affection may be tempted to praise, in undue terms, the virtues of a dearly beloved son. We confess to no such desire or inclination. Our feelings already far outrun our pen. And were the portrait complete, we should be happily content with the words written by kind friends in the following pages. But some few features in the character of Mr. Lincoln may, we think, be more fully unfolded as a matter of strict justice, and with interest to his many friends.

That his life was perfectly faultless would be folly to affirm. But this, we believe, we can say with strong assurance, that it would be difficult for any one to tell what those faults were. He was sincerely conscientious in the discharge of every moral and social duty, even the smallest. A lofty sense of right, a strict regard to principle, was his governing motive. In all business affairs he was scrupulously just and honorable, the soul of truth and integrity. And this, combined with his affable manners, was the secret of his success. His social nature was warm and confiding, full of generous impulses and affectionate instincts, yet he was always careful in the selection of his intimate friends. But when once chosen, he gave them his whole heart. He was known and addressed, by all his acquaintance by the favorite name of "Charlie." And in writing to them he often signed himself, "Your Charlie." Habitually cheerful, he carried sunshine wherever he went. His kind and radiant face was a true index to the generous and hopeful feelings that constantly dwelt in his bosom. He never forgot his old home, and the associations of early years which clustered there, even when new ties and new attractions drew his affections elsewhere. There was not a single touch of selfishness about him. He was always the happiest when making others happy. He

was ever ready to sacrifice even his own comfort and convenience to the enjoyment of others. Christmas was, particularly, a season that he loved better than all others, because it was a time devoted by custom for the bestowment of gifts. "The more he gave," he said, "the happier he was." "Money," he said, "was good only for the good one could do with it." And he often took pleasure in surprising his friends with projects of his kindness and generosity. Little children were especially the objects of his notice and love. Wherever he found them he at once had them in his arms or on his knees, sharing their frolics, and adding his part to their innocent joys. And this love was warmly reciprocated by every child who knew him. None will miss "their Charlie" more than these little ones, into whose hearts his kindness had so surely won its way.

By nature, as well as by education, Mr. Lincoln was deeply and sincerely religious. His faith and trust in God were complete and unbounded. He loved every good and holy cause, and sought by his example and influence to strengthen and perpetuate the institutions and spirit of pure and undefiled religion. The belief into which he was born and educated was that of an Infinitely Righteous and Loving Father, whose presence pervaded and whose wisdom and power guided and con-

trolled all things, both in the moral and physical universe, making all events, trials, and shadows subservient, at last, to one grand result, the discipline, development, and happiness of his intelligent creation. This was the polar star of his religious faith, around which all lesser lights revolved, — the ground of his perfect trust and peace. His own spirit and life were the blossom and fruit of this strong confidence in the presence and supremacy of the Infinite power and love. On minor points, his views experienced some change, as new light came into his mind. And while he often differed from his best friends on religious questions, they were none the less his friends than those who shared his opinions. Still, the vital matter with him was the daily life, the spirit of love and charity and justice, illustrated in the practical duties of mankind, to themselves, to society, and to God.

Clearly allied to these deep religious feelings was an ardent love of nature. Mountain scenery filled him with raptures, and all forms of outward sublimity and beauty, seen in oceans or stars, clouds or sunlight, found in him a devout worshiper. Not less ardent was his love of the grand and beautiful in art. Art galleries and picture stores were always places of strong attraction to him. "He never felt the want of money so much," he said, "as when in the presence of beautiful paintings."

Then these forms of grandeur and loveliness, in the world of nature and art, served for him a higher purpose than the mere gratification of the outward eye. They were agencies which touched the finer senses, awakened the spiritual instincts of the soul, and gave wings to religious aspiration and adoration. Under their influence his heart warmed in praise towards the Author of all order and beauty.

But after all that can or may be said, there is no better evidence of the noble qualities of character possessed by Mr. Lincoln than was seen in the deep hold which he had upon the hearts of those who had formed his acquaintance, and in the painful shock given their minds by his death. Since that sad event, numerous letters have been received, by his business partners, his bereaved widow, his parents, and others, — letters from all parts of the country where he was known, deploring his loss as a severe private grief and a great public calamity. They are all written in lines of touching sadness, and mingle their sorrows in common with the hearts that most deeply bleed. While but few of these letters accompany this volume, all the writers are assured that the kind and sympathetic spirit which dictated them is most gratefully appreciated by his nearer family and kindred. It is a great comfort, when the forms of the

beloved vanish from our sight, to know that their spiritual presence still lives, as an abiding reality and a divine power, in the hearts of those who knew them. Thus are the righteous held in everlasting remembrance.

“ We would not call thee thence, —
We would not, bright one, though a dimness lieth
Along those pathways where thy smile hath shone ;
For thou art now where beauty never dieth,
And shadows on the heart are never strewn.
Not all of thee, sweet soul, from earth hath perished,
Our *hearts* still keep thee, still they love thee well ;
There are thy deeds and gentle teachings cherished,
There shall the memory of thy goodness dwell, —
For *good* thou wert, and *true*.”

V. L.



GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS.

PROVINCETOWN, *December 25, 1870.*

OF all the days in the year, this always seemed to me to be the most blessed and joyous. But, somehow, this time I have not felt or realized that Christmas was here, nor have I entered into the spirit of the day in the least. And I have made up my mind, firmly, that it is the last Christmas I shall spend away from home and old friends. How many times I have wished myself with you, you know as well as I.

I have enjoyed making presents this year more than ever before. The reason, I suppose, is because I have given more than usual.

LANCASTER, N. H., SUNDAY, *March 5, 1871.*

It is one of those beautiful days with which we are occasionally blessed in the early spring. And I have

had Bryant in my head all day ; for it must have been on just such a day that he wrote of March, —

“And in the reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.”

And I have been thinking of you and other friends all day, and wishing myself in Boston with you so much that I've wondered if I was not a little homesick. But I am passing the day pleasantly and profitably in attending meetings, reading, etc.

We enjoyed a lovely sunset view from the car windows last evening, which sent me into dreamland for a while, as all bright visions usually do. And this morning I was up early, to see the sun rise over the White Mountains, and was well rewarded for my trouble, as there were great masses of cloud below the summit of the mountains, while the tops were entirely free from them, so that the sunlight struck the under surface of the clouds first, leaving the tops black and dreary-looking in the shadow. But it was not long before the order was reversed, and the mountain summits were bathed in the sunlight, and the clouds, before so bright, wore almost a funereal gloom. “Thus it is ever on this earth.”

WHITEFIELD TO LANCASTER, *June 18, 1871.* 7.30 P. M.

Such a ride! Showers had been passing over all day, and everything was looking bright and fresh, there having been no drought here. The air was just cool enough to be invigorating, and the horses, catching some of the spirit of the scene, bowled away at a three-minute gait; it being almost impossible to check them in some of the descents we made. About half of our trip had been finished without anything happening worthy of particular notice, when we observed a heavy shower moving swiftly towards us up the Connecticut valley; and we had hardly prepared ourselves to meet it before it was on us, — a hard, driving, pelting rain, lasting only a few minutes, when the sun came out wondrously bright. There must be a rainbow, surely!

Throwing the top of our buggy back, we beheld as beautiful a scene as mortals ever witnessed. The shower had passed on towards the White Mountains, and through the rain we could just discern their outlines; and spanning them was a double rainbow, the colors in the smaller one being so bright as to be dazzling, both rainbows being wonderfully brilliant.

We stopped our horses and drank in the glorious scene, hardly daring to speak, lest we should drive it away. And all I could say could not begin to describe

that magnificent, almost marvelous sight, which has done more for me than a thousand sermons or admonitions ever could, and which brought me out of a sorrow which I had tried almost in vain to repress, — shall I say better, or only more willing to abide by God's perfect law? Enough that He guideth all our ways, and doeth all for the best. . . . The world is full of disappointments, and we all have our trials, my own being very small when compared with many others.

GORHAM, ME., SUNDAY, *July 9, 1871.*

I have just been reading the papers you sent me, as they were not received here until midnight, or one mail behind your letter. And now, instead of attending either place of worship, as, in all probability, I should only rebel against the ideas that would be advanced, I sit at my open window, watching the clouds drifting about the mountains, with the sunlight streaming through, here and there; though only for an instant, still long enough to show us a brilliant green where before was only inky blackness, and which again immediately claims its supremacy. At the breakfast table, every one was complaining because the weather looked so threatening; but for myself, I enjoy the mountain scenery more on such a day and immediately after a shower than at any other

time, and especially more than when a bright sun, without a single cloud in the heaven, gives no relief to the monotonous scene. Would that I could answer your letter as it should be answered, and that I might wipe away all your tears ; but yours is a struggle which can only be fought out alone. And you will, without doubt, come out of it fully trusting Him "in whom we live, move, and have our being," and ever after look back and wonder how you ever could have thought as you now do. Read Psalms xxxiv. and xxxvii. You tell me to rest, and I would gladly do so if I could, for I feel the need of it. But I must do some hard work in the next two weeks, and then I can recuperate.

CAMPTON VILLAGE, N. H., *August 3, 1871.*

We took saddle horses for a trip up Mt. Lafayette, and of all the views that was most magnificent, the conditions being perfect. We started in the clouds, but after going up about two miles we found that we were getting out of them, and should soon be above them. And when about a mile from the summit we had a view such as we shall, in all probability, never get again. The clouds had risen out of the Pemigewasset valley, which was green and beautiful, miles below us ; while in the other direction, filling the whole valley, was a sea of

clouds, white as snow, and as beautiful as anything could be. Beyond the clouds, in the north and west, rose the tops of mountains in Vermont and Canada. Moose-hill-ock rose out of another sea of clouds, in the southwest. The only perfectly clear view was in a southerly direction. Overhead were other strata of clouds, scattered through the heavens, but not breaking in the least the glorious sunlight streaming down upon us. But I must close here just now, and leave the rest for another letter. We go up Black Mountain to camp over night.

BETHEL, ME., SUNDAY, *October 15, 1871.*

If ever I spent a lonesome day this is one of the worst. Why I should feel homesick to-day, any more than on numerous other Sundays, I cannot conceive, and I doubt if it would help me in the least if I knew all the whys and wherefores. Enough to know that "whatever is is right."

ANDROSCOGGIN R. R., *October 18, 1871.*

Many, many thanks for your noble letter, which I received last night. And, as L. says, it did me "heaps" of good, though it came near finding me in a miserable condition, which to any less fortunate person might have

proved fatal. [Thrown from a wagon and badly hurt.]
. . . . Can I ever thank God enough, for sparing my life,
or for saving me from a fate worse to me than death,—
the burden of living with a scarred and disfigured face!
Thus again has God been merciful to me who deserve
nothing.

UNION, N. H., *October 20, 1871.*

As truly as I believe there is a God, who ruleth over
all his works, just as firmly do I believe that what He
wills is best. . . .

MEREDITH VILLAGE, SUNDAY, *October 23, 1871.*

To-morrow I shall be twenty-one,—so old! And to-
day I have been spending nearly all my time up on the
hills, commanding glorious views, thinking how pleas-
antly I am situated, and how very many reasons I have
to thank God for my whole life, wondering if the next
twenty-one years will bring me even a tithe of the hap-
piness I have already enjoyed.

Do you know, I cannot help feeling that very few ar-
rive at their majority with brighter prospects, and above
all with better and firmer friends, than myself, though
there may be a few things I might wish different. Take
them as a whole, they are best, and I am content.

How many times during the day have I wished myself with you for a few minutes, if only to take your hand and feel that I am near you! At half past three, I thought of you with your class, and wondered if you were still talking of heaven; if so, whether they have advanced any new ideas. . . .

LITTLETON, N. H., SUNDAY, *November 6, 1871.*

But for one thing I should be in the best of spirits; and I am looking for your letter to-morrow night, which I hope will dispel all clouds. I cannot, will not, believe that the worst can be for you, while I have nothing but blessings and a bright and glorious future. Oh that I might share your burdens, and that this seeming ill might result, as all evils seem to for me, in a wonderful blessing,—that it should prove true in your case that “out of the eater came forth meat”! But I will be patient, and wait the result, praying to God daily, “If it be thy will, O Father, let this cup pass from me.” . . . Just twelve o’clock, and I see you all in the church, directly after the sermon. Wonder if any one missed me!

LISBON, N. H., *November 28, 1871.*

To-day is Thanksgiving Day, and I wish that it came to all with as much to be thankful for as I have. Surely,

God has blessed me wonderfully in everything, and hardly a prayer of mine but that He has answered. Though, perhaps, not always as I prayed, yet always according to his wondrous love and tender mercies. . . . Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

SOUTH PARIS, ME., *December 31, 1871.*

I have n't been out this morning, but have been passing the hours with myself, taking a glance backward over the past year, and, with the aid of my diary, recalling the many happy hours which have been scattered throughout its whole length. Am I satisfied with my life during the past year? No; for though in some respects I have exceeded my highest mark, yet, taken as a whole, it is far from what I wish that it had been. But, with God's help, another year will see me a long step in advance of my present condition, in many respects. . . . Who can say what the coming year has in store for us, — what of sorrow or of joy, of pain or pleasure? That it will abound in blessings, I am confident. But how many times we fail to recognize anything but evil in many things that God in his infinite goodness places before us. When looking at it rightly, as we do afterwards, we can see that through the dark-

ness we have advanced to a nobler sphere, and been drawn one step nearer the Eternal.

Since reading those articles in the "Journal" regarding Mr. H——, I've been thinking very much about the dogma to which he has been converted. I know many will condemn him, and you will be only the more convinced of his insincerity. But I look at it differently; and he is more of a man to me now than ever before. For what has he gained by his change? Only the consciousness that he has done right. Besides, he has lost the respect and love of many of his friends, and of the great body of the public, whose confidence in him has not been tried.

Regarding the divinity of Christ, I have often had serious doubts as to the correctness of the Unitarian belief in that particular, founded on many passages of the Bible. L.'s favorite chapter is an example. And though I am not convinced that Christ was coeval with God, still I believe he had been with God, and was himself conscious of a preëxistence. Have you heard any of his Boston friends say anything about it? . . . Oh, I forgot to tell you a little incident that happened to me yesterday afternoon in Bethel. I was in a store, sitting at the stove talking, when two little girls came in, one a very beautiful little thing about five years old. As usual, I

took her on my knee and scraped an acquaintance. After staying a few minutes, she went away, and I scarcely gave her another thought, until I went to the depot, when she came running to me, and in reply to my "Hallo," she turned her face up to mine, and in the prettiest tones said, "I love you. Please kiss me once before you go." I took her in my arms, and, as our lips met, my heart went out to God in thankfulness for sending such a messenger to me in such a way.

DOVER, N. H., *January 14, 1872.*

I hardly know what to say about the affair you have so close at heart. But first I will say that from your stand-point you have not done wrong, surely; and, as you and I differ in our opinions regarding the significance of the Communion Service, why should I say anything but that *you* ask it? That your class has been greatly benefited by your teaching, and that you, better than any other, will continue to show them how to live noble lives, no one knowing you as well as I do can doubt. Or, if you have been anxious to bring your scholars too quickly to your own high standard, and thought them there before they could begin to realize your position, it does not follow that you have committed a grave offense, or one which should cause you the least anxiety.

You already know my feelings on the subject, and that it is one of my firmly rooted convictions, which received a shock New Year's Day [allusion to the sermon], but to which I still adhere. But there, I shall be with you to-morrow night, and will talk it over. Till then, good-by.

FARMINGTON, ME., *August 4, 1872.*

I am glad you like "Wilfrid Cumbermede," for I have been afraid that our literary tastes were very far apart, as lately we have hardly found a book that we could agree upon.

November 30, 1871.

I said I was lonesome. I meant it. But over and above all my restlessness has been a quiet, still joy; and my heart has been running out to God, the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, for his manifold blessings. For I know now that when the time comes He will give me all; yes, more than I shall ask. And in the end "there is room for us all there, if we only seek it."

September 18, 1872.

Yes, let in all the sunlight you can, for it does n't do a person one bit of good to be gloomy, — though some seem to think so. I believe we are here to be as happy as we can, and to help others to the same good.

September 9, 1873.

That evening I made a very pleasant call on Mr. R——; then went back and finished the "Hoosier Schoolmaster." It is just capital in its descriptions of Western life, and pleased me "lots."

November 18, 1873.

You ask me how I define the difference between the mind and soul. I don't think I can tell you just how I feel, but it seems to me that a person may have either one, without very much of the other,—that from the first we have a soul, but that the mind is the result of our education and training.

December 3, 1873.

You have had a different school from myself, always having every wish realized, even before expressed, almost. And I, taught from the first that I must fight my own battles in this world, and that no other could fight them for me, and that the victory would be mine alone, if I won. You can see how such a thought would rouse me, make me ambitious to succeed, and would make me joyful over every success, no matter how small.

December 21, 1873.

With regard to business, I think a woman should know all her husband's affairs. Yes, I think she ought

to know them even before she is a wife. And I do think a woman very often will strike at the heart of a business perplexity, and by so doing make things easy that seemed so difficult. . . . I have always felt that the very cause of the extravagance of many women who marry is that they know absolutely nothing about their husbands' business. And the husband does not like to tell the wife that she cannot have everything she wants; not thinking, I am sure, that a true wife would be all the happier in denying herself some things, if she felt that by so doing she was making the way clearer for him. . . . Arriving here, I found that one of my customers had just hung himself. His body was still warm. Rum the cause. Oh, heavens! if I could only make every one feel as I do about drinking!

December 18, 1873.

Do you remember that road from Lisbon to the gold mines? If you do, you remember how lovely it is on an ordinary day. Imagine, if you can, the same scenery with the earth completely covered with snow, and everything beautifully shrouded in feathery frost; trees, shrubs, rocks, and even the snow itself made lovelier than ever. The morning had been one of those, not uncommon in this section, when a sort of frost cloud settles down and wraps everything in its lovely mantle.

March 2, 1874.

I wonder if you are feeling as happy in this bright sunshine and clear, glorious air as I am ; for it is just as lovely as it can be, and it would seem that such a day would send a thrill of comfort and joy to every true heart. For myself, I am real happy in living mere physical existence on such a day as this. And when I think of the many, many good gifts that I have in addition, it does seem that I could not be thankful enough for them all.

April 3, 1874.

I do not look forward to a life of ease, do not seek it, do not want it, shall not take it ; but shall work while the day lasts, for the night cometh. . . . And I hope to win a position where my whole life shall not be engrossed in business, where I shall be in a condition not to worry over monetary matters, that fret and worry one so. I want to be rich, I own ; but not for riches' sake, but because there are so many things one can do with money, — so many ways that one can use riches to do good incalculable. But riches do not come without work, — without hard, patient, persevering labor. And such I mean to do as a worthy means to a worthy end.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

THE funeral services occurred at the family residence, 665 Tremont Street, Boston, on Tuesday, June 17th, and were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Minot J. Savage.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. For what is your life? It is even as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breath, and mine age is as nothing before thee.

Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth. I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

Precious, in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.

When thou art in tribulation, if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shall be obedient unto his will, He will not forsake thee.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

The Lord will not cast off forever ; but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of man.

Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil ?

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ?

Though Jesus were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

For all live unto Him.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ;
neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and
there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying ;
neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things
are passed away.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle,
neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them
light.

READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us ; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas !
In grief I am not all unlearned ;
Once through mine own doors Death did pass —
One went who never hath returned.

Your loss is rarer ; for this star
Rose with you through a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wandered far
Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your [husband]: his mute dust
 I honor, and his living worth;
 A man more pure and bold and just
 Was never born into the earth.

.

.

Great Nature is more wise than I;
 I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,
 Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,
 I will not even preach to you,
 "Weep! weeping dulls the inward pain."

Let grief be her own mistress still.
 She loveth her own anguish deep
 More than much pleasure. Let her will
 Be done,—to weep, or not to weep.

I will not say "God's ordinance
 Of Death is blown in every wind;"
 For that is not a common chance
 That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
 In all our hearts, as mournful light

That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace ! Memory, standing near,
Cast down her eyes, and in her throat
Her voice seemed distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you any way,
Who miss the [husband] of your youth ?
Yet something I did wish to say ;

For he too was a friend to me.
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both : yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'T were better I should cease ;
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet ;
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

REMARKS.

It hardly seems possible for me to speak one single word. I feel as though I were in the wrong place, — as though I ought to be sitting there with you, silent and weeping, instead of trying to voice your grief or to comfort your souls.

Death comes to us sometimes without such an aspect of mystery and irreconcilable sorrow as accompanies him now. When those who have grown old in years, who have lived long upon the earth, have wrought their life work, have tasted all the sweets and beauties and glories of life, — when such fall asleep, it seems to me to be like a tired child sinking to rest in his mother's arms at night. And so a little child, who has not yet learned the sadness and sorrow of life, who has not learned the sweets of life, — when such an one as this falls asleep, escaping, as we may think, many a burden and care, it seems then comparatively easy for us to be reconciled, and we can see how it may be consistent with the mercy and goodness and love of our Father in heaven.

But to-day there seems over this a mystery so dark that I dare not attempt to give its meaning. A young man, one who had passed through the special years of temptation and trial that all youth must pass ; whose feet were lodged firmly on the solid ground of early, honorable, noble manhood ; one who had become a son to a father and mother who had none other, the husband of a tender, loving, and devoted wife, the happy and glad father of a bright and beautiful little boy, — that such a one as this should be taken away in a moment does not necessarily destroy our faith in the government, in the love and wisdom, of God ; but it does baffle all our explanations. I, for one, shall not attempt to explain it to-day. I know that by and by, in the light of some future revelation, possibly we may be able to understand it, and see how it is consistent with the faith that we still must cling to in our Father and our God.

And what a loss is it, friends, that we have met ! Any words I can speak would seem poor, and so utterly inadequate. If I could only give voice at this moment to your thoughts, to your loves, to your year-long associations, to your precious memories ; if I could only utter what you are thinking and feeling, then I should be able, indeed, to speak some fitting eulogy.

It is a deep personal loss to me and to all who knew

him. I, for one, wish here to bear my public testimony that, having known him quite well and thoroughly, as I think, these several years, I have not been able, as yet, since his death, to think of one spot or flaw in his whole character. It seems to me that his character is like a perfect diamond, that flashes out a clear ray of light from every point of contact. I try to think over it, as I have known him these five years. I have never had the pleasure or privilege of meeting one that seemed to me more faultless than he; and it was not the faultlessness of a negative character, one who seems simply good from lack of power, from lack of constitutional vigor, to be anything else. But his was a positive, noble, manly character all through. I do not know that he had one habit, or thought, or speech, or action that the purest and best of mankind could take exception to. In all his relations of life, as a business man, as a personal companion and friend, as a son, as a brother, as husband and father, loyal and pure and true and noble in every way was he. I know that in saying these words, however extreme in their praise they may sound, I am only voicing thoughts to which you are all ready to say a most earnest amen. And you who have known him best will say these things with the most earnestness and heartiness. Oh, how we shall miss him! How I shall miss

him from church, from the literary class, from the Sunday-school! How the superintendent and teachers and members of his class will miss him! And oh what a loss, above and beyond all these things, is he to this household! I dare not trust myself to give it utterance.

But just because we can say all these fine and sweet and noble things of our friend to-day, because it is a memory that is sweet and pleasant, it only makes the loss so much the harder to bear. This is one of the sad things in losing those we love so dearly. If we had not cared so much to keep him, the loss had not been so severe; and yet you would not have had him otherwise, and I know that in spite of all the sorrow that comes to your hearts to-day, when you stop to think of it, you will be glad and thankful with your whole soul that you have been permitted to know him, and that you have had him so long, if you could not keep him any longer. You are ready to echo this sentiment of the poet, —

“’Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.”

I shall not attempt to offer you any commonplaces of consolation to-day. They would seem to me an impertinence. Nothing that I can say, nothing that any one can say, can remove this great fact, — that he has gone away from us.

Our thoughts to-day are not made bitter by any dread or fear of the future. It will not comfort you for me to tell you he is better off, that he is in heaven, that he is in the hands of our Father. You know it all. If there is any heaven, surely a soul like his would go to it as its natural home. Where such men as he is is heaven, in this or any other world, for it is such characters as his that make heaven.

But this does not comfort you ; for the one thing that constitutes the bitterness of death, it seems to me, is the sense of personal loss that comes to us. That thing which is hard for you to bear to-day, and which no words that I can utter could take away, is the fact that he has fallen asleep ; that he will not speak to you any more, that he will not open his eyes and give back that look of love to which you have been accustomed and been so delighted with ; that his lips will not open for one more word. It is this which makes the fact of death.

In some high and noble sense he is living still. Men like him do not die. They go away from us, but they still live ; and he is living, and will live here in Boston in days and weeks and months and years to come. He will never die out of this home so long as this household remains. The memory, the image, the inspiration, will abide in their hearts forever. He will live in the hearts

of his companions, the young men of our church and city that he has become endeared to through these many years. He will live in our hearts as an inspiration, a power to make us better, to shame us out of anything that is low and poor and mean, to give us faith in manhood and faith in God ; for when I see and know such men as he, then it is I dare to trust in my fellow-man, and dare to trust in my Father in heaven.

These words of God that are spoken to us by such true lives are to lead us and lift us up and guide us through life ; and if he could speak to us to-day one last word, beyond the tender sentences of love that he would utter to those who were nearest to him, I think he would tell us to mourn for him and remember him by doing his work ; by being ourselves manly, true, noble, as he was ; by seeing to it that the world is not poorer because he has gone away ; by taking the things that he left that were dear to him and noble in his sight, and carrying them on day by day, keeping them close to our hearts, and doing what he would have done if he had been permitted to stay with us.

Let us then build him a monument in our hearts,—a monument of affection, a monument of reverent memories, a monument of aspiration, of love, of devotion to goodness ; and let us inscribe on that monument all of

good and manly and true that he was, and let him be an inspiration to make us better than we have been, that thus we may find him where he has gone ; for, though he cannot come to us, it is the one trust and hope and consolation of our hearts that some day we may be permitted to go to him.

THE PRAYER.

O Father, Thou knowest how hard it is sometimes for us to believe, and to say, "Thy will be done." It is so hard for us to believe that Thou art almighty, able to do Thy will, whatever it be ; that Thou art all-wise, never making any mistakes ; that Thou art all-loving, caring for us when we suffer as we care when our children are troubled. It is hard to believe and feel these things in the midst of a sorrow like this.

And yet we must believe. To whom but unto Thee can we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and Thou alone ; and we will believe, though we cannot see. We expect our little children, that play about our feet, to trust us, to have faith in us, even in those things where they cannot comprehend what we are doing, or why we are doing it. Still we expect them to trust in

us. And we know there are some things we must do that we could not explain to them if we would, and they can do nothing else but trust.

We are only little children about the feet of God, and we know that it is reasonable for us to suppose that Thou doest a great many things that we cannot understand, and that perhaps, even if Thou shouldst attempt it, Thou couldst not make us understand. This great fact — the mystery of death — that has been from the first, and will be until the end of time, that touches every household some day or other, that touches every heart, to-day lays its hand upon us. We are crushed in its presence when it comes too nigh, and it seems as though we could not bear it. He, our friend, that we love so dearly, who was so true and noble, — it seems as though we could not have him taken away. And yet Thy word has gone forth, and his spirit is called home to Thyself. Come then, O Father, and though Thou dost not explain it, and though we cannot understand it, come with Thy sweet patience and consolation and help to these hearts that need it so sorely, — to these fathers, mothers, this widowed wife in her youth, to the unconscious happiness of the little one that does not yet understand his loss. O Father, come to this home circle, to this immediate circle of friends, whose hearts are so sad and sore

No words of ours are tender enough to comfort them. Our touch is too coarse and rough to be laid upon the quivering fibres of their hearts. Soothe and comfort them by Thy Spirit.

Thou art infinitely tender, and we do believe that this love of father and child and wife, that is so tender and sacred, is only a slight manifestation of that which is infinite in thine own heart ; and we believe that therefore we can lean our heads upon Thy bosom, and feel the throbbing of thine infinite affection, and find there comfort and patience and peace.

Come to us, O Father. Thou knowest what a sense of loss there is in our hearts to-day. Thou knowest how empty they seem, and how we shall miss him in our social circles, in our personal companionships, in the church and Sunday-school, and in all the noble, manly relations of life,—Thou knowest how we shall miss him. Give us strength, Father, to keep still our trust in God ; and instead of being crushed and bowed down overmuch by the loss, may we have power to be inspired by his memory ; may the thought of him enter into our hearts as a new consecration and new life in all that is noble and manly and true, and so may we seek to make good this loss so far as we may.

And O Father, to-day, as this precious form is taken

away, as the dust is given back to dust, we beseech thee that we may be able to look up and feel that "He is not here, but has risen." The place where he sleeps we know will be hallowed ground. We shall love to see it green with fresh grasses and sweet with flowers, and shall feel that all the precious offerings are fitting, when consecrated to his memory.

And yet may we look upward and onward, and believe that the place where he still lives and loves us, and still labors for God, is more sacred yet. And so may we faithfully walk onward in the path of life, believing that each step, day by day, brings us nearer and nearer to him.

As there are nothing but sweet and pleasant memories of him, may we earnestly, day by day, seek to live so that when our friends gather about us there may be nothing to regret, but they may feel that we have fought the good fight, and kept the faith, that we have been noble and true in all our relations in life; and so may we live that death may always find us ready to follow the beckoning which will lead us nearer and nearer to Thee. And when the night comes to all of us, when we have finished our work, and are like tired children when evening shadows fall, may we find our footsteps turning homeward, and may we recognize the voice of our Father, and see the door open, welcoming faces looking

out for us, welcoming hands beckoning us, and feel assured that we are going home to our Father and the loved ones that have been with us here and will be with us forever.

And now may the grace, the love, the sustaining strength, and the comfort of our Father in heaven be and abide with each one of us forever. Amen.



PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

YARMOUTH PORT, *July 12, 1879.*

REV. V. LINCOLN.

My dear Sir: The recent sudden death of your dearly beloved son "Charlie" calls to my mind some recollections of his boyhood, when he came from the school into my store, and during the time he continued with me as clerk. And while I express my most heartfelt sympathy, and would shed a tear of sorrow with you and your afflicted family in your severe and dreadful loss, which must have come upon you so sudden and unexpected, I desire to bear testimony to his worth and promise in those younger years, which have so well ripened and developed into a mature and useful life. To say he was a good boy, and that I liked him, does not half express what I feel, and what I remember of his good qualities. He possessed a nobleness of character seen in few at that age of life. He had an excellent disposition, always pleasant, perfectly reliable and faithful in all his dealings, gentlemanly and business-like in his manners, careful of my interest, and at the same time just to all. His aim was to succeed in what he undertook; but to do right was his unfailing purpose in all his business

transactions. In a word, he possessed all those qualities which were sure to, and did, gain for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him ; and for these reasons I shall always hold him in pleasant remembrance.

'Tis a dark and mysterious Providence, to be understood only in the great future, which has deprived you of a dearly beloved son, and the community of a noble and honored citizen, leaving a void hard to be filled. . . . With great respect, I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

JAMES B. CROCKER.

WAREHAM, July 28, 1879.

REV. MR. LINCOLN.

My dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are intending to write a memorial of your dear Charles.

If I can contribute anything, I would most gladly do so. I have been acquainted with your son about ten years, and I never formed an acquaintance with any young man I so highly esteemed, and whose death I so deeply mourn, outside my own family. In all my acquaintance with him I never heard him express an idea or utter a word which was not proper to say in any company. He was ever affable, courteous, cheerful, and instructive. I always took pleasure in his company. A few years ago he induced me to go to the mountains with him, which was a very enjoyable trip to me, and I shall never forget it. He was so unselfish, always anticipating my wants and studying to make it pleasant for me ; even giving up to me the best room, which he had previously engaged for his own comfort. If I expostulated, it made no difference ; he *would* do it. At that time I found him to be a reader of the Bible, and he did not neglect prayer. He was a great admirer of nature

and it seemed to inspire him. With this inspiration I doubt not he looked up through nature to nature's God. I remember at that time alluded to he engaged a carriage to take us to Northumberland. The driver was a silly fellow, spent almost every moment of the hour and a half telling stories and singing silly songs, to which he received no response from us ; and as he left us at the depot Charlie remarked to me, "How hard that fellow tried to entertain us !" He sanctioned nothing that was low or degrading. He once said to me, in reference to buying a paper in the car, "I do not blame you, as you did not know what the paper was, but those who saw you, not knowing you, would judge of you by that paper. Whenever we do a wrong thing knowingly, it has this tendency, to say the least, it lowers ourselves in our own estimation."

Although on some points Charlie and myself differed, yet I believe he was a Christian, and that he is now in that "mansion prepared for those who love God." I shall ever hold him in tender remembrance. It is a mysterious Providence, yet our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes, but "doeth all things well." Respectfully yours, with heartfelt sympathy,

P. N. BODFISH.

BOSTON, *September 15, 1879.*

MR. VARNUM LINCOLN.

Dear Friend: In answer to your favor received, would I now, as you desire, cast "one flower upon Charlie's grave," — a grave that will not be forgotten by his many friends, who held him in such high esteem for his noble character and manly virtues.

As my thoughts run back over the past, he comes up clearly to my mind in the various relations we have held together, in the church, Sunday-school, Young Men's Christian Union, and in the

sweet friendships of his home and family, and my own. In all these relations I ever found in him that decided, firm, sterling character, which claimed for him the respect and love from those who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with him.

His character was not passive, but clear, decided, with firm principles governing him in his business and social relations, with positive convictions as to his duty to God, to society, and to those who were dear to him in his home, and to other kindred and friends. Such a character we may well admire, and hold up as an example and inspiration to the young as an incentive to useful and profitable lives.

As influence for good or evil always outlasts the individual, what sweet satisfaction it must be to his kindred and friends to reflect upon the fact that his influence upon all around him was elevating, healthful, and pure. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN.

BOSTON, *August 19, 1879.*

. . . . My acquaintance with Charles T. Lincoln commenced at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. We were members at the time of the first gymnastic class formed there, I think in the fall or winter of 1868.

An intimacy soon sprung up, which was never broken in the eleven years following.

His amiability and control of himself were remarkable, with never an abatement of principle. Whatever he saw to be right he did, and anything undertaken by him was accomplished. He had great concentration and tenacity of purpose, though ever open to view all sides of questions.

In all his business relations he was entirely and thoroughly trustworthy, believing the confidence of those with whom he was dealing to be of more importance than the forcing of a bargain. He was also an unusually good salesman, and remarkably successful.

Though never abandoning a principle he deemed to be right, he never forced his views to the point of irritating opposition, and was ever just and lenient to the opinions of others, knowing that it was not in the nature of things for all to think alike.

His friendship was a boon to any who were privileged to enjoy it.

The most kind, loving, and tender care was lavished on those who were fortunate enough to win his regard. It was a positive pleasure to him to anticipate their wants. Christmas was always a "joyous season" with him, for he could then put his friendship into those various gifts that were always chosen with the view of giving the most pleasure. The more he gave, the more he "enjoyed it," as he himself remarked.

His faith in God was a real and positive one, and, as I have often said, was a truly trusting and "perfect" one. He was conscientious and prayerful, though he did nothing ostentatiously, to be seen of men. His faith was not worn for outside show, but was veritably a part of his life.

Altogether his life and character were more nearly perfect than those of any person I ever knew, for he united the untiring energy of the successful young business man, with the gentle character of a thoroughly Christian life.

Patient, thoughtful, loving, forgiving, his whole life was bright and joyous, and cheerfulness was a vital principle. Nothing could daunt him, and I never knew him to be discouraged, for he never

would give up. He thoroughly believed that whatever happened was for the best; that "everything was ordained aright," and "worked together for good."

His aim, in a word, was to possess and practice the virtues of a Christian and the graces of a gentleman. GEORGE PIERCE.

LITTLETON, N. H., *September 1, 1879.*

REV. MR. LINCOLN.

Dear Sir: From my first acquaintance with Charlie everything has been pleasant between us. He has shown himself a man, in every sense of the word. I have always found him true to his word, ever ready and willing to stand for the right. And never has he faltered or shrunk from any work or duty which has devolved upon him. All the customers to whom Charlie sold our goods have sent their testimony, and have written how deeply they feel his loss. He had won a place in my heart which made him very near to me. And every day I feel to such an extent his loss that I cannot express it in words. And when I think of his noble acts and his uprightness of conduct, I can hardly keep back the tears from my eyes, to realize that I shall see him no more in the flesh. He was always as sunshine in my home, for all were made happy by his being with them. He worked hard to build up a business here, in which he took a deep interest. And I trust his good works in this respect will ever stand, and be so prospered that they may assist to perpetuate his memory so long as time shall last. I remember speaking with him, on one occasion, in regard to paying our sewing-machine girls for their work. He wanted me, he said, to pay them *well*, so they could make good wages. He remarked that he would rather have his profits less,

and have them well paid for their work. In conversation with him, he has often told me that he did not wish to make money to lay by and hoard up, but that he could see many good and useful deeds to be performed with it.

His nature was high and noble, and I always felt better myself, as though I had been improved in character, by being in his company. Many are the friends he has made in this place, and since his death they have come to me with tears in their eyes, saying, "How sad; he was such a splendid man!" All our help feel as though they had lost a near friend. And I inclose a few letters, received from those who have worked for us and knew him well, and also from customers to whom he sold our goods. You will see that Charlie made friends in every place and family where he went, as well as at home. We all claim him as ours, and mourn his loss equally with those who are his nearest kindred. . . .

Yours very truly,

IRA PARKER.

PROVINCETOWN, *July 13, 1879.*

REV. MR. LINCOLN.

Dear Sir: Yes, "dear Charlie" was indeed suddenly called. I can hardly realize it.

The last time I saw him, when I said "good-by," was at the Andover station, on our way down from Littleton, where he left me to visit his father, mother, and sister. I had a very pleasant trip with him, which will always be remembered, and which I somehow feel was not altogether accidental. It was not anticipated on my part, but I most quickly responded to his invitation.

Charlie was always in good spirits, but unusually so on this occasion. He had left all well at home, had recently returned from

his Western trip, and had met with very good success. He found all going nicely at the factory, Mr. Parker glad to see him and in excellent mood, wanting "Charlie" omnipresent, as it were. Everything, suffice to say, was "just right." On our way down, almost our last conversation was in reference to that life upon which he has now entered, which used up our time very pleasantly, and, I trust, profitably. Let me say just here that in speculating on many things relative to a continuation of life and progression after death, his thoughts were very interesting and instructive, and if he was not exactly in sympathy with one's peculiar ideas he always manifested charity and patience, condemning no one for his honest convictions. I have been acquainted with "Charlie" about ten years. I knew him first as salesman, being in trade; met with him often, which led to more than mere business relation; afterwards our home was his home, when in this vicinity. We always anticipated his coming with a great deal of pleasure. Our kindness towards him he returned in many generous ways. I certainly hope to see you and talk with you, having many things to say.

But we should be comforted by the thought that "our loss is his gain."

With regards to all, I remain as ever,

Yours respectfully,

AMASA SMITH.

WAREHAM, MASS., October 10, 1879.

MR. LINCOLN.

My Dear Sir: I very gladly avail myself of your kindness to add one leaf to the wreath which shall garland the brow, and keep ever green in memory the many virtues, of my dear

friend Charlie. Our acquaintance ripened early in a firm and lasting friendship. His business habits were my model; his social life my pride; his moral and religious character were such as attracted and won my esteem. In the correspondence which it was my pleasure to have with him I learned his noble spirit and elevated views of life. In one of his letters, he speaks of a dear friend of ours, who, young in years, was afflicted with, as was supposed, an incurable disease. Charlie, speaking of him, says, "His has been a noble life, and though he should be cut off in the midst of his usefulness, he seems to me to have done more good than thousands who die of old age;" and, with the prayer that his own life might be crowned with as many good deeds," he adds, "We must fight the good fight, win the victory; for what does the Lord require but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before Him?" In the spirit and to the letter of these to me *precious* words, your dear boy and my dear friend lived and died, possessed of all the manly traits of character and strong religious conviction for the right, living for a grand purpose and an unselfish end. The memory of him can but have a holy influence, helping us all to lead nobler and purer lives, lives of unselfish love, and an active ministry for the welfare of others, as did he. Truly can it be said of him,

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

I am yours in love and sympathy,

HERBERT RANDALL.

YARMOUTH PORT, *June 25, 1879.*

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN :

I have taken up my pen to do what I have for several days delayed, from the fact that I feel utterly incapable of saying one word of comfort to you whose hearts are broken by the sad event which has recently and so suddenly visited you.

I wish I might take you by the hand and express my heartfelt sympathy, which I feel so unable to do in writing. Not only myself and those of our household, but the community, and especially those who knew you most intimately, cannot speak of the sad event without tears in their eyes.

But after all that can be said and done, the fact remains that your dear Charlie is gone from your sight, till you are called to meet him "beyond the river." In his place is left the sweet memory of his noble, generous, and well-spent life, and all that made him such a good and worthy son. Yet the very fact that he was so good makes your loss the harder to bear. . . . With much love, I am your sincere friend,

CLARA.

YARMOUTH PORT, *July 13th.*

DEAR MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN :

Thanks for the paper containing the account of the funeral services of your dear son Charlie. I saw by the Boston papers a notice of his death, and afterwards the particulars of the accident. It was, indeed, very, very sad. My heart aches for you all. I have deferred writing, as I did not wish to crowd upon your feelings at a time when your sorrows were too fresh to permit of outside sympathy. Neither will I attempt to offer words of consolation. To Him who hath taken remains the power to give.

But, at the same time, I would give you my heartfelt sympathy and love.

It always seems hard that we are so powerless to help our friends in their greatest sorrow. God's ways are truly mysterious, and the pathway of life seems sometimes so hard that we feel like lying down in despair, but with renewed struggle strength comes again.

I ask myself, Is it a dream, or is it reality, that he has gone from us? It seems but a few days since I saw him in his accustomed seat at church, full of life and hope. He was a noble man and a dear, good son; his death to you all must be indescribably sad. While it is in some respects harder to *miss* a good life, it is beautiful to know that you have *had* the living influence about you, and we all find much more happiness in thinking of such a life than if we had much to regret in the character of one that has gone from us.

M. J. M.

ANDOVER, *July 17, 1879.*

MY DEAR MISS MYRICK: Your kind remembrance of us in our distressing bereavement and your words of love and sympathy were very welcome to us all. Expressions of tender interest are always full of strength and comfort, but coming from one who had known our dear son Charlie so long, they are especially valuable, because, acquainted with him as you have been, you knew much of his character and life, and can therefore all the better appreciate our great loss. And yet, as well as you knew him, and as highly as his friends generally esteemed him, they little knew what he was to us, to his home, and to those who were best acquainted with his deeper thought and inmost life. With

very sad hearts, yet in all truth, we can say that he was the best and noblest of sons, the dearest of brothers. He was loved, indeed almost worshiped, by us all. And if I had time to tell you of all his acts of love and kindness; how dutiful and faithful as a son, from his early boyhood; how warm and glad he made our hearts by his frequent visits; how always hopeful and sunny his spirit; how inflexible his integrity; how spotless his whole life, in word, deed, and habit; how mature and clear his mind, for one so young, in matters of business, and on questions of public interest; and how every year the manly qualities of his nature seemed to develop more and more, you would not wonder we loved him so well, or that he was worthy of it all. And when I seriously realize (for sometimes I can hardly do so) that this, our dear, good boy, has gone forever from our earthly sight,—gone in the bloom and strength of young manhood, with such large hopes and brilliant prospects, and with such a bright promise of usefulness,—that we are never again to receive his warm greeting, see his manly form, nor enjoy his pleasant companionship, my very heart bleeds with inexpressible anguish; my tongue is dumb at the strange, perplexing questions which such a sad fact suggests; an impenetrable cloud lies along the horizon of the future, and everything in life and the world takes on a sombre hue, and wears an aspect of terrible loneliness. We feel that the beautiful staff on which we had leaned is broken, and that we must now grope our way towards the sunset among the shadows. And oh, how dense, cold, and misty, they seem! . . . The why and wherefore of this great sorrow none of us can tell. To relinquish our confidence in an infinitely good and gracious Being, who watches over and wisely controls all things, would indeed be a greater calamity

than the loss of dearest friends. And all we can do is to trust in this Being, and wait for the coming morning of the eternal day to show us more light. All the comfort we now have is the knowledge of Charlie's fair and noble life, the remembrance of what he was to us and to others, and the blessed hope of clasping hands in the immortal home. It is hard to believe that such a light has gone out in utter darkness, and we cannot but feel that it has met and mingled with heaven's own glory, to shine with increasing brightness through the years eternal.

Some time, some of us hope to be able to accept your kind invitation to visit you at your home, where in other days we have met so often and enjoyed so much. For many reasons, old Yarmouth will long be dear to memory. But now, since it was the home of Charlie's boyhood, it will be cherished by us with a more sacred interest than ever. He never forgot his Yarmouth friends, either young or old. He often inquired after them, with the interest of strong and lasting friendship. And the church on the hill, where he often sat with his mother, brothers, and sisters in the pastor's pew; the school-house beyond, where he coned his lessons, and enjoyed so often the delightful view of cape and bay; the old wharf and mill at the creek, where he went to fish and bathe; the ancient house, where he lived with his parents; the store, near by, where he spent three years in the service of Captain Crocker, — all these places and scenes, and others in connection with his life in that beautiful village, were very dear to him. He loved to speak of them, and of the many pleasant things associated with them. And I know you will not think it strange that, as I write of them, and remember all about him in our home there, the tears will come to my eyes, in spite of myself. . . .

Most sadly and sincerely yours,

VARNUM LINCOLN.

CINCINNATI, July 3, 1879.

MRS. FRANCIS T. CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Friends: My heart is full of sympathy for you all. I do earnestly long to say something that may comfort you all at this time. But words fail me. I can, however, truly say he was a good and noble man, such an one as God always takes to Himself, for he was ripe for the kingdom of heaven. I know how you all must miss him in that loved household, particularly that young mother and boy. How much he talked of him when we saw him, which was the spring after dear Carrie's death! Oh, how much he missed her! His visit seemed so sad, as it reminded us of our loss. We all spoke of it after he left. Submit is the only thing we can do when these great blows strike us. It is indeed hard to do so, under such a heavy affliction, as we cannot see why his usefulness in this world was not needed, when others are spared, whose lives are miserable to themselves and others. But our Heavenly Father knows what is best for us all. . . . H. C.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, June 26, 1879.

MRS. CHARLES T. LINCOLN.

Dear Madam: We were shocked to hear through your husband's firm of his sudden death. There is nothing we can say or do to mitigate your grief. Our short acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln had ripened into a strong personal friendship, a feeling which business men do not often have for each other. But his manly bearing, honor, and candor, in all his acquaintance with us, were the secrets by which he made us his friends. We deeply sympathize with you in the loss you have sustained, and trust that his char-

acter may in future years be a legacy to his young child who remains; that it may also make a man of him, — one of whom his mother may be proud to say, He has his father's virtues. Although unknown to you we are,

Your Friends,

H. B. GLOVER & Co.

MILWAUKEE, *June 19, 1879.*

MESSRS. IRA PARKER & Co.

Gentlemen : We were very much pained and shocked to hear of the sudden and sad death of Mr. Lincoln.

Out of the large number of men with whom we came in contact, we never found any one with whom our business relations were so pleasant and agreeable as with Mr. Lincoln.

We deeply regret the calamity which deprived him of his life, and hasten to offer to you, and also to his afflicted family, our sincere condolence. Yours very truly,

CHAS. STEIN & Co.

NEW YORK, *June 18, 1879.*

MESSRS. IRA PARKER & Co.

Gentlemen : I am in receipt of your valued favor of the 16th inst. Your information about Mr. Lincoln is indeed sad, and impresses us almost as forcibly as it does you. It seems so impossible that only a few weeks ago Mr. Lincoln was here, full of life and health, and now he is no more. Our acquaintance with him was only short, but long enough to show him to be a gentleman in every sense of the word. We admit the incompetency of our writing words of sympathy, but beg you to accept our hearty condolence in your great misfortune. Very truly yours,

A. H. WARD.

FLORENCE, MASS, *June 25, 1879.*

Friend Parker: Mr. Atkins has forwarded to me the copy of the "White Mountain Republic" which you sent, containing an account of Mr. Lincoln's death. I had read the sad intelligence in other papers. But this account is more complete, and gives particulars which I was anxious to know. My acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln was limited; but I can fully appreciate the review which the "Journal" gives of his character, which seems to me comprised all the qualities of a true "man."

Having taken a great liking to him, the sad news of his untimely death brings sorrow to me, and I can sympathize with those who, from family ties and business and social relations, will mourn his loss. I hope that this calamity, following so close upon the other, will not discourage, but that you will be able to obtain a worthy successor to Mr. Lincoln, to enable you to continue a business so successfully begun. Yours, GEORGE T. CUTLER.

NEW YORK, *June 18, 1879.*

MESSRS. IRA PARKER & CO.

Dear Sirs: We are extremely sorry to hear of the sad and most untimely demise of our friend Mr. Lincoln. Although our business with him was limited, it promised much for the future, and in our intercourse with him, which was always very pleasant, we learned to know and respect him as a generous and open-hearted business man and a thorough gentleman. We offer you our sincere regrets at so great a loss, and remain,

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH ULLMAN & Co.

NEW YORK, *September 21, 1879.*

TO MR. IRA PARKER:

Mr. Lincoln was one of the noblest, purest, and best men I ever knew. His acquaintance and friendship were a pleasure and an honor; and none who knew him could hear of his sudden death without a deep sense of grief and personal loss. . . .

Yours very truly,

JOHN D. PADDOCK.

BROOKLYN, *June 17, 1879.*

Dear Mrs. Church: It was a privilege to know him. And I am sure he impressed every one who met him with the power of his vigorous manhood, so grand, pure, and true was it. . . .

I. M. S.



AS GOD WILL.

[The following poem was found in a business order book of Mr. Lincoln, soon after his death, with the appearance of having been carefully preserved, and evidently expressed his sentiments.]

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, and all the journey through,
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter,
Aught that is gone ;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray,
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, " Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear ?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still
Do Thou thy will."

I might not sleep, for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long ; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
" It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do ?

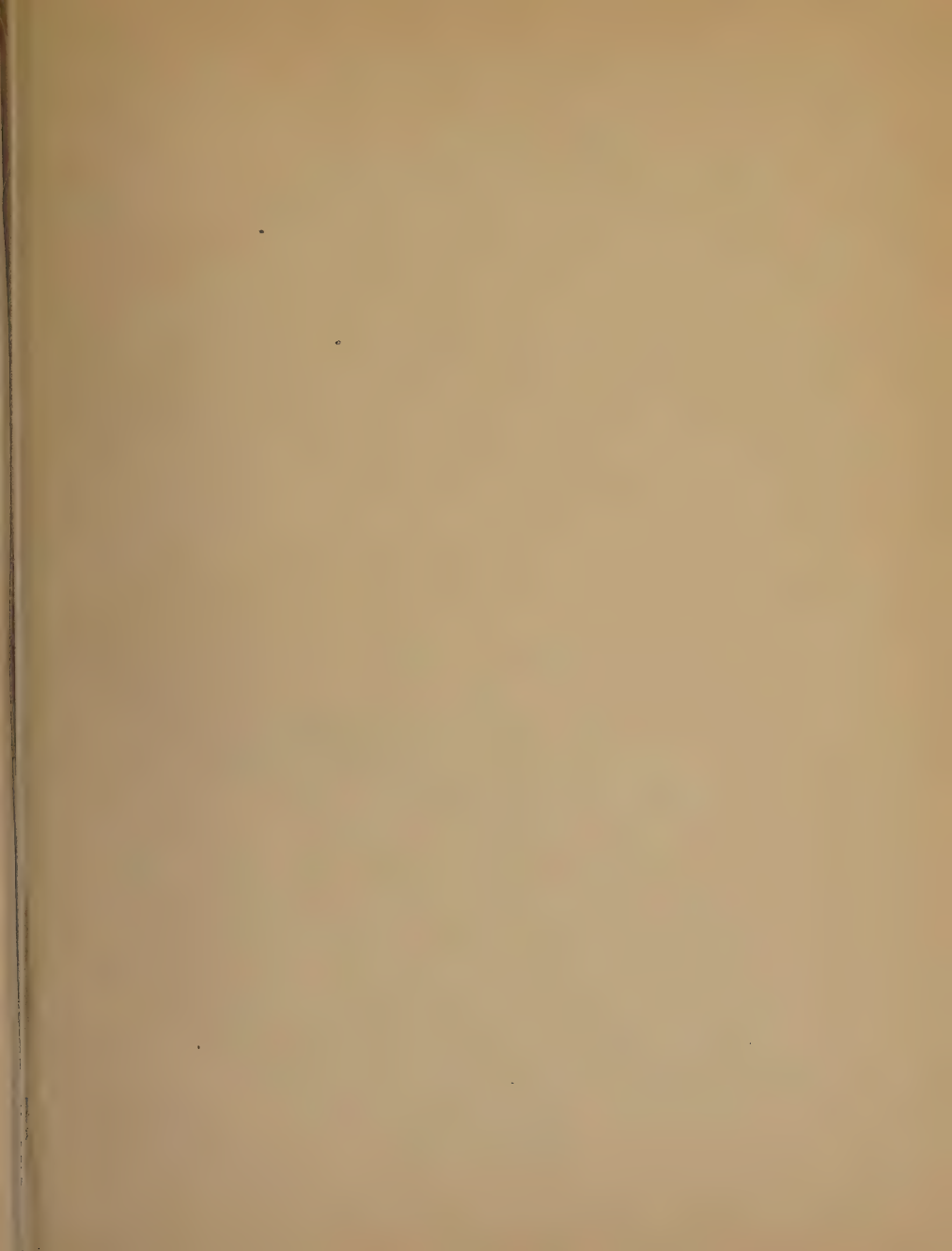
What could I do, O bless'd Guide and Master,
Other than this, —
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee ?

Step by step, feeling Thou art close beside me,
Although unseen ;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether tempest hide Thee
Or heavens serene ;
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know my God ; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth ;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait
If thou come late.





4

780630
LRX-NEB-F

Special 90-B
29590

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

